PLAYING WAR GAME ABOARD GERMAN FREIGHTER

Experiences of an American Who Shipped as Steward officer came roaring in. Aboard the Menes and Escaped at Canary Islands

pires. One old

stoker, a magnifi-

cent fellow, white haired and wener-

able of aspect, spent

the afternoon plead-

ing with the young

leaping at the chance of fighting

On the following

morning a pleasant

A few cable lengths

away lay at anchor

American steamer Illyria. She had

followed close on our heels all the way

from Valparaiso

and Montevideo

She had vowed

by wireless to over-

take us in Magel-

lan and had failed.

Then off Brazil she

should be beaten

to the Canaries.

Still this was our

first sight of the

Illyria since catting

the anchor in Val-

The Illyria was

not the only ship beside us now. Each

hour brought some

tall sided merchant-

man scurrying full

speed into port, her

long pennants of

smoke. It was no time to be caught

The Canaries, being

Spanish, offered

safe protection to

all merchant boats.

filled with the flags

of nations, for even

if they were not

able to do battle,

these meek looking

freighters flaunted

their national en-

signs over the quar-

ter decks, as though

daring an attack

from any ship

affoat. So since not

one of them could

boast so much pro-

ing piece, at dis-

creet distances they

bravely baa-baa-ed

at each other with

About 10 o'clock

that second day

the Consul came

About 12 o'clock

the crew were

summoned aft by

the quartermaster,

came off duty.

sular reports.

board again.

mans in the crew. Names were registered and the number of years

military service that each man was

still liable for. All Germans carry a

book showing their years of service

Most of the crew could still be called

upon for service, "Militaerdienst." Al!

the afternoon this registration went

on, each watch being summoned as it

There was nothing particularly

for consular reports merely.

alarming in all this. Perhaps it was

only a precautionary measure a

Most things are matters for consular

reports, especially for German con-

But nothing happened. We thought

anything might do for excitement.

The only excitement for us lay in

smoking and in reading the Ham-

tired of last month's Fremdenhlatts.

We were tired of staring at ships lying

around us. We were tired of looking

So we blew in the sweet hours of

eventide with the fruit venders and

About midnight of the second day I

was suddenly awakened by the first

officer bellowing at the mess steward

who lay sound asleep in his bunk. He

went up and shook him, roaring ex-

leave ship in half an hour." If his

voice wasn't enough to wake that

mess steward, his order was so star-

upright. He stared frankl, surprised

seeing the first officer facing him

"Pack up to leave ship in half an

hour. Launch alongside in vilfteen

minutes." And without waiting for

more words the officer left the room

I heard him bellowing at the assistant

engineers, giving the same order and

The mess steward looked up at me

and looked down at the baker, who

bunked below, with a sheepish grin on

his face, half frightened, half bewil-

dered. Without knowing what was

brewing he hastily packed all his be-

longings in a canvas bag and then he

did the only good thing he ever did

of his sister in the bag he kissed it

reverently. With the aid of the baker

We also dressed and hurried out

into the cool breezes of a tropical sky

on the deck stood about thirty men

In shore clothes with a weird assort-

ment of baggage. They, too, had been

routed out and they, too, looked sheep-

ish, bewildered, half frightened. The

captain was there puffing hard at his

inevitable cigar. I asked the fellows

where they were going. They had

not the slightest idea; they had been routed out a moment before and there

before the stipulated period.

with the same stern brevity.

tling that the poor fellow sat

in full uniform.

"Steig auf! Be ready to

at vineyards on the Canary hillsides

kindred grafters of the foc'sle.

Fremdenblatt. But we

completed and the years yet to serv

their ensigns.

harbor was

funnels belching

paraiso.

Hamburg -

for the Vaterland.

By LESLEY R. BATES.

VERYBODY was in the highest spirits. We had battled with Magellan and worsted her. The long pull down the Pacific coast from port to port and cargo to cargo was all over at last. There were no more tallymen to feed and our last passengers had disappeared down the gangway in some lonely, sandy harbor below the Peruvian Andes. In Valparaiso the simple "Chilianos" who had made part of the crew to Seattle and back bade us a wild farewell and pulled away in small boats, their sash belts crammed with souvenirs of the ship that they had coo'ly taken unto themselves during unwatched moments. They had left us and were now quietly at home with their Chilean sons and daughters, or lingering on the piers and gazing at the snowy Andes overhead or at the lonk whiskered sea lions below, or at many ships riding their anchors in the long swell and slow heave of the ocean.

But we had left all this behind us now. We had left Montevideo behind us. grimy with coal and muddy with the river flowing by from Buenos Ayres and the valleys of Argentina. Nothing lay before us but the Canary Islands and then Hamburg-Germany -the Vaterland!

That was something to look forward With two other adventurers I had joined the crew only at San Francisco and consequently felt less exuberance than the stokers and firemen and sailors who had paced these iron decks and listened to the striking of the bells since the steamer left Hamburg in December, eight months before. I mighty weary myself with iron decks and the exasperating monotony of daily duties. What a great day then lay waiting when the Menes should pass Cuxhaven and anchor snugly far up the Elbe in Hamburg and not a long cry from the gay lights of gayer dance halls. Day by day we tore date after date from the calendar and whooped like crazy schoolboys for vacation time.

Three days out from Las Palmas I was sent to the bridge on repair work in the wireless room. The third officer, who was also wireless operator, a tall, blond Hanoverian, sat crouched over the keys with receivers clapped over his ears. The aerial sung and crackled. But I was not particularly attentive to this. It happened day after day and most of the night now.

I had to report every night on the bridge at 12 o'clock, but lately on these dismal watches I had noticed that the tall Hanoverian who should have been snoring in his bunk room was crouched over the keys in the yellow electric light. Still I had not noticed it particularly. This day was like other days. My work was almost finished, and I was preparing to leave with my arms full of brass and cotton waste when the operator, Herr Wuerstenberg, called after me. I stood in the doorway and waited.

"Gang steward," he said, in a low, steady voice, "gang steward, do you know that when you get to Hamburg there'll probably be going on the greatest war in the world?" I slowly picked up my armful of

brass and cotton waste. Herr Wurstenberg sat there, propping his chin in his hands and looking unusually thoughtful. He didn't expect any answer from me and I had none. "Gee whizz." I said, and picked up

the brass and cotton waste. In the evening I broke this startling news to the stewards and the bushy bearded chef, who laughed too loudly, I thought, considering his great respect for the aerial overhead.

" he roared, and I retreated

hasely from his turbulent incredulity. No one was oversympathetic, but from that time on the stokers were a more weary after their four hours shift below, and the engineers a little more mysteriously silent and the engines spat steam at slightly quicker intervals. Obviously the captain was a shrewd man. He did not wish a brand new twelve thousand ton ship with a half a million dollar cargo stowed below to be captured on the high seas. In eight days he would be safe at Hamburg. Why not make it seven days? So we raced past the

stars for the Canaries. About 1 o'clock in the morning I awoke with a very uncomfortable feeling of suppression on my lungs. I sat up and looked about me. The port hole was locked. Some one had crammed the deck funnel overhead with some one else's trousers. The air was indescribably hot.

What's up?" I called to a figure passing in the gangway.

"Coaling." a voice answered. What, at this hour? You're crazy."

"Coaling it is," it responded and 'You're a bad, grumpy man." I said

to myself and tumbled on the floor. where the brown cockroaches were prospecting for a midnight supper. I hurriedly dressed and went on deck. I wondered why we were coaling at

such an unearthly hour. Presently Herr Luders came along. He was the fourth officer. A fourth officer ought to know at least that much.

Herr Luders, tell me, please, why we're coaling now. I thought we were not to coal until after breakfast.' "We clear this port after breakfast,"

he said and disappeared hurri-dly aft

to set the patent log.
At 10 o'clock the last barge had drifted away and I was waiting to see the blue peter at the masthead. At 12 o'clock there was no blue peter at the masthead; only the yellow quarantine flag hung there disconsolately, for we had been in Chilean bubonic plague captain was still ashore, making final arrangements probably.

Late in the afternoon he came aboard and commenced sombrely and persistently to walk the bridge with Wagnerian solemnity, "ohne Zi 1, ohre Rast, ohne Ruh." Somehow the firs officer slipped the n ws around and the second officer told the junior officers' mess and there the stewards got wind of it. Fo now it was nebody's secret. The Consul had ordered us to remain in port. "Damn the Consul! roared the chef. "To hell with the echoed the potato peeler. The foc'sle were not so conservative in their estimation. "He is not & very nice man," I said in all humility, for I was only the gang steward.

Suddenly a powerful launch raced out of the darkness and halted her engines by a rope ladder hanging over

thusiastic for Hamburg, our genial crew of Russians and Poles and Dutchmen and Germans, mostly Germans, hosed down the ship, sending murky streams of coal dust into the placid Atlantic while with great good nature they jeered their various em-

good-by. Shaking hands all around and with good wishes, whatever might happen, I saw them into the boat and helped drop their baggage down. They piled it up and sat on it pyramid fashion. There was nothing in their faces to show particular enthusiasm. "You're a fine man, you are," he bel-

lowed at the poor mess steward. "What kind of a soldier would you make? The Vaterland should be very proud of you!"

When he was through I softly closed the door and turned in for a few hours sleep, my head whirling with a thousand strange fancies. What was going on here on this boat was probably going on in every German boat in harbor. Then there were other harbors and other vessels. During



The men piled into the launch. There was nothing in their faces to show particular enthusiasm for Germany.

Names were explainable.

The launch cast off and amid frail cheers it sped away into the darkness trafling a white wake that disappeared behind the little Illyria. The tried to cheer as the great vesse which had been home to them f many months and the only home for many of them, waded into the dark-It seemed a little uncanny to me, and I looked out over the water, thinking how many of them would fall in battle and how many would never see the Menes again, nor load coffee in Central America or saltpeter in far away Chile. The second officer had gone, the second and third engineers and two assistants, as well

> as half the firemen and sailors. I remembered the scared face of the red headed assistant who had tried to play the bully on board. It pleased me to think that he was scared. It was my one pleasant thought as I

> gazed over the harbor. After a little while a dull red light suddenly appeared astern and the same launch sped alongside. A man sprang up the rope ladder and the launch disappeared as quickly as it came. I watched it, wondering what devilment it was now up to, until the nervous throb of her engine died away over the water. The man who sprang up the rope ladder lost no time in retreating amidships out of the light. I followed him into my ard and he crying like a baby.

"What's the trouble, Karl?" I asked him. "Why did they send you back

He was a highly nervous fellow naturally, and having been struck senseless by the red haired assistant engineer one broiling day in Salvador he still was a half invalid. So I was prepared in some degree for his explanation.

"Well, I am afraid I am no use for the empire," he said brokenly, "You know my bad times with this damn heart of mine. Well, after I left you the launch went out to that big black ollier over there behind the Illyria. We all climbed aboard. An officer told me to unpack my stuff and turn in.

"I started to unpack, but my fingers were shaking to beat all hell. thumping. The officers noticed and said I had a face like a snowball, it was so white. I tried to speak, but my teeth just rattled. He must have thought I was a terrible coward.

"Then he spoke to our second officer. who you know was ordered along with the rest of us, and they talked together something I couldn't hear. I don't know what he said, but they took me off and sent me here, so here I am. Ah, well, I am not much use to the

"Never mind. It's too late to cry now," I said. "I told you a million times to cut out cheap cigarettes and beer fests every night. This is what comes of it. Look here, Karl, where was the collier going?"

"Oh, I don't know. I heard some fellows talk about the African colonies, but that's a long, long way to go."

sent away to fight for the empire, some to oversea possessions, others by hook or crook to the Vaterland itself. all ready to fight and die, proud sons of Germany, the brave spirits whose quick responses and willing sacrifices would in the end muster sufficient superhuman power to deluge Europe not only with militarism, but what is more to the point, with stern principles, high visions, virile denials.

All of which, however, as Novalis have said, will not bake bread nor will it get me to Hamburg. I knew perfectly well that every hour of delay on my part would make Hamburg a more and more doubtful pos-

Neve day was Sunday. After breakfast I donned my most pleasant countenance and went calling on the captain. The captain was smoking a powerful cigar as he lounged on a eck chair, trying to imagine everything was all right. He saw me com-

"Well, this isn't Hamburg, is it?" he said, with a Cheshii *cat grin.
"Hardly," I responded. "Captain, I

wonder if there is any chance of me getting away." No chance in the world.

Better wait a week or two. We may get out of here, after all." 'All right, captain, I will wait week and then can I come and ask you

to let me go? "Certainly, although there is no chance in the world of getting away. Where would you go?'

'Just wait around for a White Star boat to Madeira and then connect for

America. "But I thought you were going to

My secret intentions were now to each England; to let the captain know of that intention would be disastrous for me. If England became aware of some things going on in the midnight hours at Las Palmas, it would be disastrous for the captain, for although absolutely under consular orders, international war rules were not under consular orders. The captain might have good reason to careful. He must not know I was going to England until quite out of his power. I must quiet any suspicions might have of my partisanship

'Well," answered the captain after a moment's thought, "if you know any way of getting out of this place to America I would like to know it.

"Caught," I said to myself and whipped a Raymond-Whitcomb travel guide from my pocket, which I had carefully marked at the proper place, and with delighted forefinger pointed out to my beloved captain how the White Star boats touched at Madeira, coming and going to the Mediterra-

"H'm!" he muttered. "Well, you know I'm strictly under the Consul now. You will have to talk to the

hour. It never rested. There was no more powerful station in the island, the first officer had proudly told me "Yes, sir," I answered, somewhat Any time the Consul wanted a meschagrined at his hedging, and made sage sent he made a call on the Menes. aft to bask on the canvas covered All night long the tall Hanoverian crouched over the keys as though

and Crew of Kaiser's Vessel to Transmit Messages to Germany Sunday night was like other nights, but at 12 the first officer bellowed into my slumbers with "On deck all and hear the Emperor's proclamation!" seeming to hear the guns booming far away in Germany. By day he slept with receivers clapped over his head.

All messages were sent at night. The Major then introduced me to

Consul would come on board at midnight and immediately the wireless started spitting out little dots and dashes into the quivering ether. I listened to them and thought childishly how nice and marvellous it would to ride with one of these long dashes over the ocean. The magic carpet was not half so magical.

Five minutes later what was left of us

were standing bareheaded below the

The Consul looked down on us from

was myself German, just to feel

se sturdy emotions and to sell my

life to a supreme purpose, if need be

troth plighting than this ship's deck

and the high stars for candles and the

harbor lights and sleeping ships at

Consul's aboard. You'd better forget

that immortal soul of yours until

you've escaped. You go and see the

America again." So I put on a few

was going to see that German Consul-

the representative of all Germany in

the Canaries. I knocked timidly at

There I stood like a spetrified cow.

grinning sheepishly at two men lean-

ing over a bottle of Muchene. Not

a word came to my lips. Then my

"If you let him go," he said.

My heart sank like a corpse buried

"So," exclaimed the Consul, looking

at me, "you want to go ashore. There

no way to work it. There are no

He knew perfectly well what a mag-

n ficent deviation from veracity that

"Well, sir, give me a chance,

I can't get passage I will come back

"There is no use. You can't leave

"Give me a chance, sir. I am Amer-

At the mention of the Consul he

"Only," he continued, "you might

as well swim. There's no getting

away from Las Palmas. We're all

likely to be cooped here for some

heart. The very idea of getting ashore

was more intoxicating to me than all

the Muenchener aboard. Never before

did so many opportunities seem open

to me. Once on shore I felt there

must lie before me a thousand chances

of escape. My imagination was most

prodigal in suggesting glorious pic-

tures of America and England. Soon

Chelsea, London, with my old uncle

and telling him the most wonderful sea

yarns before a glowing log fire.

should be already back again in

There was no sleep that night. I

thought of home and listened to the

wireless crackling overhead hour after

I thanked him with overflowing

thought for a moment and decided he

ican and perhaps the American Consul

the Consul what I wanted.

clothes and mustered my nerve.

onsul now if you ever want to see

self, "Here's your chance, boy,

A moment later I thought to my-

anchor for congregation.

the captain's door.

boats leaving port."

here, on my honor."

can fix me up."

would let me go.

"Come in."

at sea.

German Consul in Port of Las Palmas Used Wireless

In the morning I went on deck at 5:30 as usual and woke Herr Luders. At 7:30 I woke Herr Wuerstenberg as usual. He lay in profound sleep with receivers set and radiograms littering the floor. At 8 o'clock breakfast gave me a little respite to notice a fine new steamer swinging into port, a passenger boat with a British ensign over her quarterdeck. I halted a Russian passing by on his way to the foc'sle. "What line's that?"

"Union Castle Line, from Cape Town, Why, going aboard?

'You bet your life I am."

"Well, you'd better hurry. See her blue peter flying?" I did see that and saw also a string of yellow with crated bananas being towed alongside. was only a few hours leeway, at time. time. I hurried into shore clothes and halled a small

Woermann docks. I picked my Palmas to find the American Consul, Palmas sound asleep in the streets. Aged wom-en and their Me-thuselah husbands squitted by the charge of his duties. Since the clerk look more human in my eyes. "Be on board at 3," he said, and mounted his stool again. I rushed back to Major Swansion plastered walls, utterly contion roll by un-heeded. I had pictured Las Palmas too ideally from shipboard. Here shipboard. was the real town.

Here were her unpayed streets; her ragged children, her wrina word Las Palmas past and future, scendants, all huddled here in a great mess of present squalid eternity. Surely in contrast to the plaster houses the old people who basked in the happy sunlight were eternal. The only temporal people in the world are they who live purwhich has an object must be tran-

This order applied only to the Ger- It was all dark, mysterious, quite un- this very night perhaps little groups ting for this little group pledging their sient. The eternal lives from day to were being mustered on ship decks in every harbor in the world and being 1.800 miles from home! I half wished Being of a logical turn of mind. I concluded from these surprising premare eternal. Of course one thinks immediately, in looking for parallels, street cars. They never change either.

The American Consul, a fine, vigorous gentleman, Major Swanston, 11stened to my troubles with a kindly attention. I told him my desire to travel over Europe, to somehow get out this staunant corner of the world, this sanitarium for wrought nerves, this petrified toe of Africa. The Major smiled and gazed fondly at the eagle on my passport and at the big red seal of the State Department, which like a great blood drop spread dangerously close to the name of Williams

Jennings Bryan inscribed there "I guess an American can you think you couldn't go to Europe? "But the war, sir. I'm having the devil's job getting away from Las loved captain assisted me. He told Palmas even. Can't you get me a passage on some boat around here? hear the Durham Castle won't leave port. She arrived this morning."
"Who told you that?" makes one less here and we're short handed already."

"The German Consul told me no boats were leaving port." Where did you see him?" Major

Swanston asked curiously. "Why, he comes on board every

"And do you know what he comes on board for?"

"Wireless and crew, sir. He sends away his messages and takes away our crew. Then he receives messages,

Let it be understood here that not

another soul was to hear these things

but the American Consul. It was distinctly understood between us that not a word of this was to reach the Br.thad his offices in the same building. It would be outright disloyalty on my part if Britain got wind of Germany's schemes here. I bore no

especial love to either nation, but certainly one must deal honorably in all things. "Now, Bates," the Major questioned.

"you know we can see that aerial sparking from shore here. Have you any idea whom the messages come from? Did you hear anything about German cruisers outside or British cruisers?"

"No, sir." I answered wondering. "Didn't you hear anything about the German cruiser ---"The first officer told me this morn-

ing that there were two German cruisers outside." "Didn't he tell you the names?"

"What did you hear about the Eng-

lish cruisers?" "Nothing, sir."

"I've a good mind to cable Washing-

ton about this." What information he would cable Washington was not for me to inquire, Washington could get little information from my testimony worth worry-ing over. Besides even if it could also a German—this, too, is Washington would be rather busy giv-

the Norwegian Consul, who gave me a letter to the Otto Thoresen Line of Norway. It stated in effect that Mr. Bates would be willing to pay regular rate of fare and "rough it" if the cabins were full up. The steamer Sa Telmo of this line was all ready for salling. Her cargo was in and it only remained for me to see the captain. walked up the pier to see my new ship and to show the captain the Consul's

"Well," said the captain, "you'll have to come down to the office with talk it over with the agent. I suppose you know the fare is £20?"

No. I don't know that. After partially recovering from the sha discussed the matter. He told m the entire German colony were trying to get passage with him. I told him his company was a robber, a fire pirate, and that his boat pro didn't cost twenty pounds to start with. It certainly was a mil looking craft of torpedo boat bear bumboat length. The galley was almost larger than the At that very moment the crew lined up on the lee side of the Sai Telmo, seeing who could squirt of hagen snuff juice over the work rail. It was capital sport. Sta

leeway, at efore sailing
I hurried balked at the twenty pounds.
On reaching the office the agent to a us two things: first, that the rate has been reduced to fifteen pounds. ond, that he had received orders not to Without even bidding the agent

farewell I made a sprint for Millers which was the Durham Castle age The clerk there offered me third class for six guineas money. If I had been the Kaiser that clerk should be wearing the iron cross for conspicuous honesty in the dis-charge of his duties. Never 1d 1

house and flourished my ticket in his far con- like a college graduate with a legre tent to let all crea- The Major seemed quite pleased.

"I tell you what to do now, going over with the British Co-the Durham Castle. We will dr gage and we will call for you on

In half an hour I was back as the Menes. My roommates were looking glum, not so much at my fortune as at the prospec them of remaining ind the shipboard. They helped me pa-baggage. I hastened out on de-say good-bye all around. Her first officer came up to say a l to me. He was himself all pa ready for a moment's call to ship. We spoke of various that

hoped to meet again.
To draw him out I told him wireless spark could be seen from shore. The Mones had a fine wor he said, the finest in the harb-ship or on shore. He was prothat aerial and spoke highly of sa of its nocturnal performances. H ever, I had neither the discourtesy to question him ab-With him I had been on the during the wildest night storm Magelian. It was not for me to play golf or give Chautauq tures, but they cannot trade

sense of what is right in the w Once more we took les American consular launch me. Over I went, followed by all waved me their good w. the rail as they stood therappear cheerful manly to wave me a good-by who might seem easily enough serter in the time of crisis. lowed a German lump in my As throat and turned away wit

tened eyes. Being ashore and having n do for a little while, it being 3 o'clock, I sauntered almastreet toward Miller's. It we teresting ancient world aspof new wooden buildings springer and there. The nat squatted in that street for ! years perhaps, with nothin Life was one long bask a After all this was quite as so this way of living, to St. P. b. whose twenty-four carat ga misdeeds require of us so short sojourn in Dore's gr would be quite as satisfac with shrapnel along the Frei

I was teasing my mind w strange fancies when whistle piped some di-It piped again and I remem! used to call the watch on when the bridge wanted lifeboat that had been torn green sea. Then I saw quickly up from a sal-captain. I rushed toward tent for not having reco eigar from his mouth

Bates, I wasn't on boar | w left, but I want you to do t Don't let a soul on the Engl don't let a soul in England a of us here, Y u understand !

That was a little thing for who owed him a greater ser that small attention to he could fulfil, but it was done my promise. We shook han turned back to the Menes laur I continued on to the Durham

My story is done. What I on board the Durham Castle, slipped from Las Palmas yellow moon, our interruption by British patrol boats memorable night in Dover with torpedo boats and officers and the faraway Calais-all this is another our arrival in London and prisonment of our German pas